

The Times-Dispatch

Business Office.....Times-Dispatch Building
10 South Tenth Street
Richmond, Va.
Washington Bureau.....1020 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....27 Eighth Street

By Mail.....One Six Three One
Year, Nos. 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg.
Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday edition only.....5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1913.

THREE NEEDED BIOGRAPHIES.

Some months ago a New York lawyer, who was being shown through St. John's Churchyard, was amazed to find not only that George Wythe, who is buried there, was so great a jurist, but also that no comprehensive biography of him exists. He discovered that all that could be learned about the law teacher of the great Chief Justice John Marshall is to be gleaned from brief sketches and incidental references in volumes about other worthies in the Revolutionary period. He could not get for his information even a monograph bearing upon the influence of Virginia's greatest chancellor upon national jurisprudence. He ascertained that Wythe was one of the very greatest judges that have tread American soil, and that his impress upon American law in its formative period was tremendous, but he found no work dealing with the life and career of the man.

If some one were to inquire for a biography of John Moncure Daniel, the distinguished editor of the Richmond Examiner and the leader of the press in opposition to the Confederate administration, his search would be fruitless. He would read R. S. Daniel's memoir of his brother, published in 1885, and he would profit greatly by a perusal of Dr. George W. Hoge's "John M. Daniel's Latch Key," only to regret that it was not expanded into a thorough biography, but he would still lack the sort of volume he started out to find. There is no latter-day sketch of the life and career of him who, with the possible exception of Thomas Ritchie, was the most influential editor that the Old Dominion knew in the first three-quarters of the last century. Some able and impartial historian must do for Daniel what Dr. Charles H. Ambler, of the department of history in Randolph-Macon College, has done for Ritchie.

Why is it that we have no popular biography of that superb cavalier, General J. E. B. Stuart, surely one of the greatest cavalry commanders that the Anglo-Saxon race has brought forth? Many limited sketches about him have been written, but no comprehensive biography of him has been attempted since H. B. McCall's life, published in 1885, a work essentially a military study. The generation in the South today is entitled to something like an expansion of Edmund Bradley's excellent portrait of the man, the myth and the intrepid knight. The Confederate societies of the South could do no more valuable work than inducing Judge Theodore S. Bland, his able descendant, to write such a book. He knew Stuart as well as any other living man knew him; was intimately associated with him from the field and loved him. That old friend, active, "magnificent," and devoted, as Dr. Bland's address in Richmond, Va., is, upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue in the city marking the house in which General Stuart died.

Here are three biographies, which ought to be written now. Let us hope that some one, biographer of this fortunate of eminent Virginians are almost ready to come forth.

ROLES FOR WORKERS.
We notice the issue of the Chamber of Commerce, having fought stoutly for the extension to give Richmond more land on which to build houses, it now takes the next step and prepares to put the houses where they will do the most good. The workers, the man who gets a modern salary, will be helped by this expansion and better housing. It is to be true that this is for average dwellings, not for the very poor in Richmond. This fact supports the whole economic life of the community from the time factories are set up, or are located here and the tremendous emphasis of hard times. A certain percentage of the normal salary should go to rent under modern urban conditions. In Richmond that percentage is too high.

Naturally the employers are interested in this problem. On the comfort and happiness of the workman depend his output and temper. Moreover, competition will take the best workers away from us if other cities offer cheaper rents. This question merits the serious attention not only of the Chamber of Commerce, but of the Council and every citizen of Richmond. The investigation of housing conditions already made under private auspices has produced much interesting data on local conditions. The outcome of this investigation was a plea for housing associations to give modern dwellings at low rentals. This plan involves the investment of big capital, but it is not a charity. The return in dividends is enough to justify the use of the money. We trust that a comprehensive scheme to serve the very backbone elements of our population will soon be worked out and made real.

"Now if they can jug a few white men, the speeding business in Richmond will be a thing of the past," argues the Greensboro, N. C. Record.

The only moral we can see in the kind of weather they have out West is: Come to Virginia.

GAYNOR.

Time will prove whether William J. Gaynor was a great Mayor, but one thing is certain beyond dispute—he was a great individual. Politician he was, but he was also a type of public servant whose like we shall not soon see again.

What greater evidence of the fact is required than that no man can step into his shoes as a formidable independent candidate for the majority of the greatest of American cities? Others may come forward and proclaim themselves the candidates of no party, but they cannot bend Gaynor's bow. Whether or not he would have prevailed if he had lived is an entirely speculative question now. Enough it is to say that many experienced politicians in New York believe that he possessed excellent chances of election.

The world will soon forget the weakness of the man. It will remember his great intellect and his genius for public life. Under a brighter star he might have been not only the nominee of the Democratic party for the presidency, but the chief magistrate of his country as well. Far less able men have risen to that position. If it is said against him that his administration of New York was not what it should have been, let there be this reply, by way of explanation: whose ever was? A keen and impartial newspaper man of the metropolis declared last week that if Mayor Gaynor were given time and opportunity he would solve the most perplexing problem of the largest city of the country—its police question.

The letters of Mayor Gaynor, lately published, are illuminating testimony as to the heart and soul of the man. Few other public men in our history could have indited such utterances as these, for he owned a distinct literary talent characterized by quiet and remarkable individualism.

The usefulness of this man had not come to full flower. He went about his work in the manner that he conceived wisest. He had neither too great reverence for the past nor too great fear of the future. He moved with sublime indifference to his critics. He seemed to have adopted the philosophy of him whom he so often quoted, Epictetus: "No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me you desire a fig, I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen."

SINNING AGAINST LIGHT.

The Senate reversed the record of the Democratic party, when Saturday it refused to restore to the tariff bill the House provision for "free art." It went against civilization, education and culture. It exposed the Democratic party to its enemies on the question of consistency in this matter, and the leaders on the other side did not fail to take advantage of the fact.

The appeal was made by such prominent and prominent standpatters as Senators Lodge and Root, who, frankly confessing that the attitude of their party in the past towards "free art" was unwise, enlightened and unimpaired, pled with the majority to vindicate the historic Democratic doctrine on the issue. That doctrine, which held that "free art" was a boon to the masses, in its potent influence for civilization, elevation and refinement, was first voiced by Judah P. Benjamin in the debate on the tariff of 1857, and the sentiment he then expressed has been echoed and re-echoed, and unqualified adherence to the principle he laid down has been given by a long line of succeeding Democratic publicists.

But the plea of the minority leaders was in vain. The opposition to restoration, to the House provision, "free art" only tended to immerse valuable art importations in the private galleries of millionaires—a weak invention of the enemy's, considering the tendency of private art collections to find their way finally to public view, and frequently to bestowal on some public institution. And if, as has been charged, the proposition is a cloak for partisan politics, more's the pity and its utter reprehensibility.

But be this as it may, the salient, incontrovertible fact is that by the token of the Democratic party's own historic logic and interest in the masses, the Senate's action penalizes the artist, the art lover and the masses at the expense of the masses. It stands for the converse of Democratic proclaimed dogma of duty to the people, and of purpose. The only hope now is in House firmness and a conference committee. Let us trust that it is not a vain hope, if the stigma of semi-civilization the Senate would in the eyes of the world, place on the nation is to be escaped. Means while, it would be well, as suggested by a leading exponent of art and education, for all constituents interested in the subject to protest against the "outrage" in letters and petitions to their Representatives and Senators.

New York might well initiate the moving pictures and have a board of censors for some of the suggestive plays put on there.

Commissioner Saunders says that Virginia dairies are gold mines even if they do water the stock. Hush, we'll be deported!

What will the fashion show show that the fashions will show?

Richmond certainly does grow fast. The street cleaners have to spend a week cutting the weeds down.

September would be a nice month if it were not for house cleaning and taking for the kids' school clothes.

If it will take \$67,000,000 to make the New Haven Railroad safe, traveling on that line now must be a painful form of suicide.

W. N. Miller, of St. Charlesville, O., has produced an odorless onion. What in the name of cents is left of an onion if you take away the smell?

THE FEEL OF FALL.

There are few things pleasanter than the crisp feel of fall in the early autumn days. It is in the air, like the bouquet of wine, the aroma of a cigar, the rustle of silk. The sunlight falls with a golden slant that makes the world soft and peaceful without lulling us into a drowsy languor. Fall is great because it is full of beauty like spring and summer, yet not too hot to keep idle humans from enjoying its charms. There is no spring fever, no dog days, no blizzards—just comfort. A man enjoys work then, if ever, and he enjoys loafing. The feel of fall is inspiring without being disturbing.

Of course, the first touch is a bit chilly. The cold plunge of mornings isn't so inviting as last week; sitting out on the porch is a rather dubious pleasure; the little experimental fire in the grate is mighty fine. The blaze is pretty, and the gentle warmth leads to easy-going dreams. If the housewife has forgotten to lay an extra quilt across the foot of the bed, you will regret it before morning. Yet this isn't real cold. It always seems to us just the effort of the body to get changed to suit the season. You notice a good many folks are alling a little. The sun can't swing round and start back south without mortals noticing it.

The best parts of first fall, though, are the glorious naps, snuggled under a real bit of covers, and the good old savory dishes that begin to taste right again. Everybody is sleepy. Yawns break up the circle by 10 o'clock. Breakfast catches everybody late. That last half hour of oblivion that was not too deep to be realized by some sixth sense is a precious thing. Folks are sleeping not because they are dog tired, or dread getting up, but just because they want to sleep and like it. That's something to be thankful for, come to think of it.

We cannot more than mention how changed the appetite is. Who wanted liver and bacon, or waffles, or baked beans in August?

"Thin breakfast foods and iced drinks, salads and green stuff were enough. We could barely worry along on them. Now for something stout and Anglo-Saxon. Onions are thinkable. Oysters are waiting. Hot tea, batter-bread, muffins—the list is too long. At bottom the feel of fall seems to be to feel sleepy and hungry. It's a fine time.

NOT STEEL CARS, STEEL MEN.

As testimony piles up on the causes of railroad wrecks, it seems clear that what we need is not steel cars, but steel men. The armored car is no more a preventive of accidents than its flimsy wooden brother. It is merely less likely to splinter and burn after the accident, and has a general tendency to withstand shock. It should be used, but it is no panacea.

The fact is that science has perfected the machinery of transportation faster than it has perfected the operatives. The best brains of the time have gone into producing speed, the same brains have neglected to safeguard that speed by placing it under control of better men. The public has demanded speed. It has read that fast time could be made. It has not asked whether the men to make such time were plentiful. It is the human element that brings on most wrecks.

Take the back-slashman. How natural it is for him to save walking by going back with his flag or torpedo only as far as it generally is necessary. He doesn't want to hold up the whole train while he runs in at the whistle for over a third of a mile. He takes a chance. So do the other trainmen. They have to. They are, moreover, physically unable to see every detail of safety that needs attention. In yesterday's paper, it was recorded that the last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission showed how forty-eight or forty-nine accidents had been caused by some failure of an employee to do his duty. In another column we read that three men on a Pennsylvania locomotive failed to observe a signal set against the train.

The remedy is either to make all the workings of a railroad automatic, controlled by some superhuman machinery, or to hire a psychologist as well as a trainmaster and dispatcher. Better machinery will prevent some accidents, but sooner or later safety depends on a human eye, or brain, or hand. It is time we devoted more attention to these eyes and brains. They ought to be tested just as often and as closely as the steel and wood. The conditions of strain under which they work should be corrected. We test engineers for color-blindness. Now let's test them for accuracy and quickness of perception and the kind of reactions they have. The railroad psychologist must come.

An Illinois farmer buried \$10,000 in his farm which his brother dug up after the miser's death. Lots of money more than that in a farm and the heirs dig up nothing but a mortgage.

Our idea of a safety zone is where the automobiles run on the next street.

The New York Sun says the "Whole country has an interest in the elevation of the Senate to something like its old distinction." And the people were just beginning to give thanks for the extinction of some of that old distinction.

Being drowned in the sea after your ashtray has been wrecked by the wind is one way of making assurance doubly sure.

With Thaw, it is out again, in again.

Deaths from lightning in the United States amount to only ten for every 1,000,000 people a year, but the number of folks who get under the bed at the first faint flash is about 100,000 more.

A New Hampshire woman of seventy, who eloped with a man of forty-two, has been placed under restraint on the ground that she is feeble-minded. What about the chip in the case?

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

Where It Goes.
Ice man,
Milkman,
Every day;
Grocery man,
Meat man,
Want their pay.
Laundryman,
Drug man,
Tailor, too,
Auto man,
Preacher man,
Want their due.
Houseman,
Nursemaid,
Lady with wash;
Dressmaker,
Shoemaker,
Also, by gosh,
Baker,
Fakir,
Man for rent;
After
Every
Doggone cent.

White's Essay on Microbes.

Microbes is small bugs or animals which does not exist until they are discovered by some scientist who wants to get his pitcher in the paper. A hundred years ago there wasn't no microbes, as they had not yet come into style, but now there are 5,074,435 different varieties and they are gaining at the rate of about 457 new kinds every day. Benjamin Franklin and Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone would not have known what a microbe was if they should of met one in the street, and they all lived to a ripe old age.

My grandpa used to drink out'n a gourd at the town pump and used to sleep in the house with the windows shut and used to let the flies use his bald spot for a skatin' rink, and he never heard of a microbe in his life. Grandpa is alive yet, and is somewhere between 100 and 150, and he don't wear specks and kin eat anything from corn beef and cabbage to pickled herring.

When you git a pain in your solar plexus the doc says, say he, "You have got a microbe in your system and I will have to shoot some more microbes in your system to kill the first one. You see, the microbes I will shoot into you don't like the mke who is already there, and they will eat him up."

Then he has to shoot in some more microbes to eat up the ones he has shot in to eat up the first one, and so it goes.

My paw says microbes ain't so bad, after all. Gosh, he says, "I don't know if he leaves 'em alone and don't know they are there they won't bite him like a alligator or sting him like a ladder. But it don't pay to get 'em riled up."

Looking.
His parents proudly said,
"He'll land a fat position
And earn our daily bread."

A stipend of ten thousand.
They thought that he would draw.
He was the smartest student
The home town ever saw.

Then Henry started looking
For some job good enough
Of course he couldn't find it.
The bosses were all gruff.

The graduation essay
The town will never forget,
But as to that position—
Well, Henry's looking yet.

According to Uncle Abner.

The entire police force, consisting of Constable Ezra Hand, was attracted to the rear of the flour and feed mill last Friday evening, from which distant heavy firing continued. As the fusillade of shots continued the rumor quickly spread that a party of armed bandits were invading the village, and our residents turned out with pitchforks and shotguns. The constable discovered when he was half way to the scene of action that he had left his star at home, and he had to go back after it. When the first posse of villagers arrived at the spot they found Elmer Jones trying to start his motorcycle.

The engagement of Lemuel Hicks and Miss Pansy Tibbitts, the charming and accomplished daughter of William Tibbitts, our merchant prince who keeps the general store, has been bruik of sudden. They were sitting in the hammock the other night when Mr. Late Perkins, who is a bitter rival of Mr. Hicks for the hand of the fair lady, sneaked up from behind and cut the rope, and they hit the floor with a dull and sickening thud. Mr. Hicks and his bride were lying on the floor, and the contents of the same spread around the porch. After seeing the licker Miss Tibbitts called the engagement off. Mr. Hicks claims that Mr. Perkins put the flask in his pocket just before cutting the ropes and while he was busily engaged otherwise.

Voice of the People

A Suggestion to the Booklover.

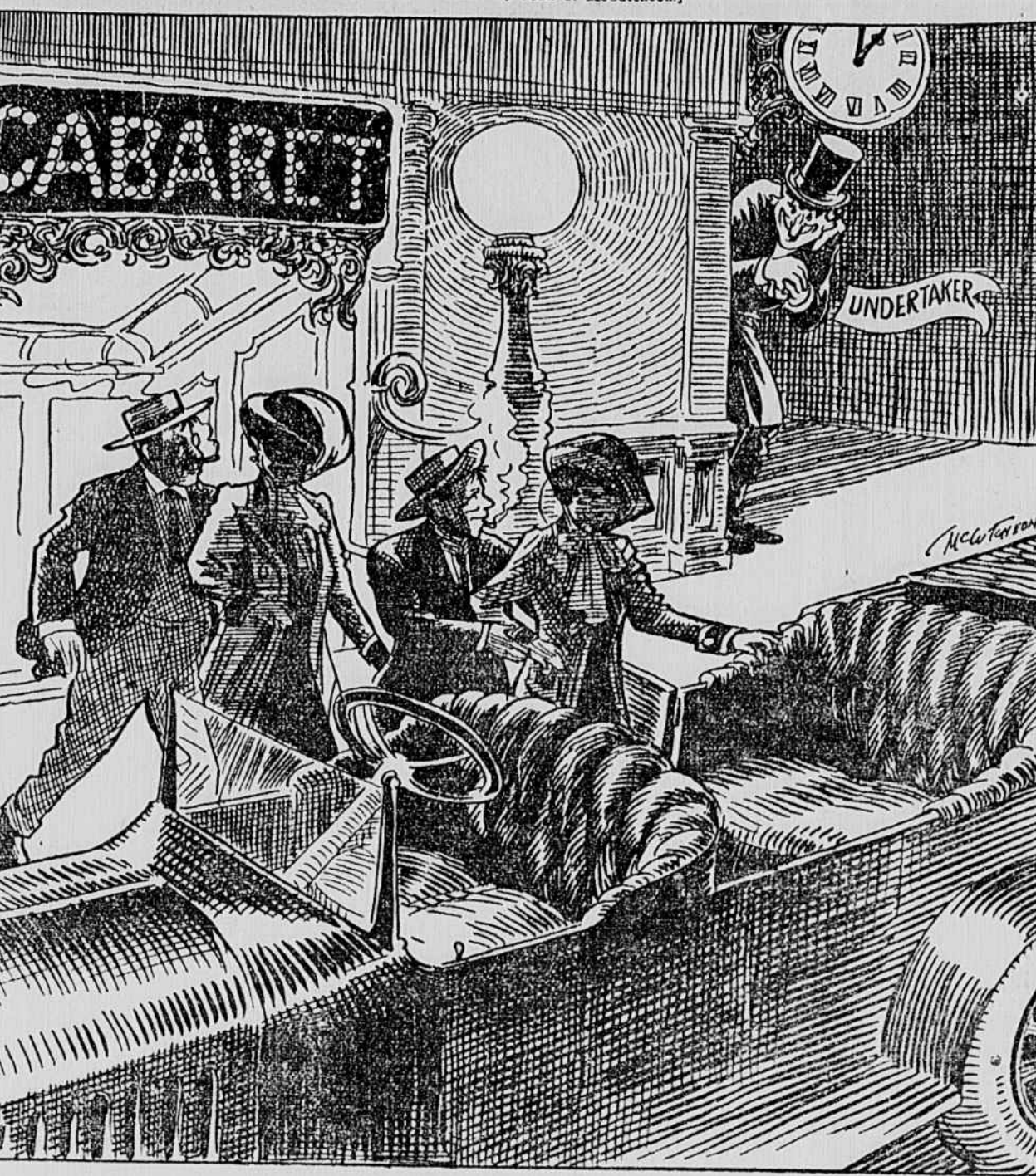
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—The present writer through the press at sundry times has called attention to the need of correcting numerous errors, among which he specially emphasizes the manners of children and the behavior of adults. He has been surprised to find that these errors are so persistent, the writer flatters himself, on account of those for whom they are intended are not so easily reached through the public prints, as they seldom subscribe for a newspaper or where some member of the family didn't say, "Here, take this chair, it's more comfortable."

Never tell a single woman she don't look it. Who ever called at a home where some member of the family didn't say, "Here, take this chair, it's more comfortable?"

THEIR NAMES WILL BE IN THE PAPER TOMORROW MORNING.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.]



NEWS OF SOUTH RICHMOND

BIG CROWD AT REUNION

Confederate Veterans and Their Friends Enjoy Gala Day at Chesterfield.

With fair skies and cool weather, Confederate veterans and their friends gathered in Chesterfield Courthouse yesterday for the annual reunion and all-day picnic held under the auspices of Woodbridge Camp, Sons of Veterans, and Chesterfield Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The court green presented an animated scene as the crowd of 500, strong-minded veterans, gathered for the annual reunion and all-day picnic held under the auspices of Woodbridge Camp, Sons of Veterans, and Chesterfield Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The court green presented an animated scene as the crowd of 500, strong-minded veterans, gathered for the annual reunion and all-day picnic held under the auspices of Woodbridge Camp, Sons of Veterans, and Chesterfield Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. The court green presented an animated scene as the crowd of 500, strong-minded veterans, gathered for the annual reunion and all-day picnic held under the auspices of Woodbridge Camp, Sons of Veterans, and Chesterfield Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Freeling

Complaints of Swansboro Street Car

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—May I have space in your valuable paper to enter a plea for better street car service for the long-suffering people of Swansboro? Their carboard with a crayon I have printed in large letters and hung upon the back of this inscription:

"The Sphinx says, 'He who lends his books will soon have none himself.' If this does not improve matters I must try to learn the Sphinx's idea as to what Christ would have done."

What consideration has our people received at the hands of the Virginia Railway and Power